

X
A
P O E M,

SACRED TO

F R E E D O M:

AND A POEM, INTITLED,

B E N E F I C E N C E.

By MRS. ROBERT HILL.

*Mrs. Hill has been advised to adopt the Surname of her late
Husband, for Distinction's Sake only.*



A LIST OF
S U B S C R I B E R S

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Many of whom have repeatedly honoured her with their
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Mr. William Whaley

E R R A T A.

- Page 8, l. 14, *for e'en read even.*
 11, l. 25, *read have you in.*
 14, l. 1, *for bestow'd read below'd.*
 21, l. 22, *read for had she long.*
 24, l. 1, *for friendly read friendless.*
 25, l. 1, *for the read th' enquiring.*
 26, l. 13, *read th' Almighty.*
 28, last line, *for delight read delights.*

ON THE
ARRIVAL
OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES

LORD AND LADY WESTMORELAND.

WELCOME ! thrice welcome ! to this loyal isle,
For you, my Lord, will make this nation smile ;
Your worth innate, will here effulgent blaze,
At which Hibernia, will with rapture gaze ;
Your noble birth, and more exalted mind,
Such virtues were for royalty design'd ;
With kingly pow'r invested, now will prove,
That WESTMORELAND was sent by heav'n above
To guide the sceptre of this happy land,
Where venom cannot cloud, much less command ;
This land is bless'd, and you will bless it more,
Than ever Lord Lieutenant did before ;
For you, a great and good, benign and wise,
Your fortune princely, that all views despise ;
Save those, which honor and your station grace,
For you, my Lord, ne'er courted rank or place ;

It

•It courted you, and proud that you wou'd come,
 Leaving your native, honor'd, splendid home ;
 Taking the reins of government and pow'r,
 To check the measures, that our sweets would four ;
 No sinister views could influence your mind,
 Possessing all the gifts that bless mankind ;
 Your bliss domestic, and your brilliant sphere,
 Equal'd, if not surpass'd, your station here ;
 Zeal for this kingdom's welfare, and our own,
 The bright inspirer of your bosom's throne ;
 'Tis clear prevail'd, then let us grateful prove,
 And WESTMORELAND the princely, loyal love ;
 Due homage pay him, bless the day he came,
 Whose bosom glows with sacred patriot flame ;
 His Lady, is the pride of England's boast,
 And will be here, for she will glad this coast ;
 Her taste and elegance, is fashion's reign,
 Now arts and sciences will no more complain ;
 Commerce will smile, and fancy radiant shine,
 For lovely WESTMORELAND, will taste refine.
 In beauty's circle, she is stiled the belle,
 Her rare accomplishments, o'er all excel ;
 But the intrinsic virtues of her soul,
 Exceed the muse's skill to paint the whole ;
 Such bright examples, charm'd her earliest youth,
 Her parent's house, was wisdom, love, and truth ;
 Where heav'n-born charity, was daily seen,
 To chase affliction, blunt her arrow's keen ;
 Not carelessly bestow'd, to gain a name,
 For all were constant fed, that daily came ;

Tables

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Tables were spread, on purpose, for the poor,
Their sweet compassion kept an open door ;
To see our fellow-creatures in distress,
Having the means, and heart to give redress ;
Is bliss resulting from the noblest cause,
Expands the bosom of the soul's applause :
And this our charming Vice-queen well observes,
Whose soft humanity, oppression mars,
Within her gracious bosom, pity reigns,
Whose whole deportment virtue bright proclaims !
Such are the noble pair ! that here preside,
To bless the realm, and prop your virtue's pride ;
You will respect them, and their value know,
From worth like theirs, eternal blessings flow.

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E X O R D I U M.

TO form the manners and refine the soul,
High ton prescribes with her supreme control;
The tour of Europe, this completes the man,
And places him on high in fashion's plan.
But heav'n-born wisdom makes this land her court,
Where native genius proves her brilliant fort;
Cherish'd by taste, soon raise to honor's place;
Thence sprung th' illustrious list of wits that grace
Hibernia's records; thence the dean so fam'd,
Immortal SWIFT! and thousands truth hath nam'd.
So bright your virtues shine from ancient time,
That women charm'd, come joyful to your clime;
Without a guardian, trusting all to you,
Assured you will protect, though merit's claims are few;
While innocence with mirth their projects sway,
You glory to inspirit each essay.
Like fam'd Mecænas, you protect each muse,
E'en the weakest that now, just fainting sues;
You look applause, then what have I to fear,
From bright Minerva's choice, assembled here;
The loves and graces, elegance and ease,
Oh! that my pow'rs had charms such taste to please.
The great, inspir'd with the heav'nly nine,
Whose souls upsoar, and talents radiant shine;

B

And

And the refiner sex whose gentle sway,
 With sweetness blended, yield the lovely ray;
 Should you as usual, greatly condescend,
 And say, the humblest muse you will befriend:
 I own this claim, deign your propitious smile,
 Whose learning hath eclips'd e'en Britain's isle;
 Your kind munificence hath nurs'd this flame,
 Whene'er to you for aid, meek genius came,
 Your noble succour cheer'd the drooping root,
 Till fertile blossoms deck'd it rich with fruit;
 Your patronage hath magic in its flow,
 Making the faintest spark of genius glow;
 And each glad muse grateful your praises sings,
 While heav'n approving blessings on you brings.

A
P O E M

SACRED TO

F R E E D O M.

BLESS'D Freedom, sacred queen of pure delight,
Without thy presence, what is wealth or might;
The boons of monarchs, e'en a splendid crown,
If Freedom breathe not, where is the renown?
Force may awhile the brighter pow'r control,
Binding the strength of man, while his free soul
Disdains th' oppressive violating hand
That dares presume his birth-right to command;
Nay take his wealth, with liberty and life,
Plunge nations into war, set all at strife;
Contending for their wish, more sway to gain,
Their thirst for power, cruel to maintain;
To lord it over man, while they on high
Revel regardless if *all* nature sigh;
Their passions are their gods to let them reign,
Life's sweet prerogative they dare profane;

Oppressing

And the refiner sex whose gentle sway,
 With sweetness blended, yield the lovely ray;
 Should you as usual, greatly condescend,
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Oppressing

Oppressing vile their fellow-creatures brave,
 Whose privilege like them from heav'n they have.
 To freedom born no force the soul will own,
 Though selfish counsel form it for a throne;
 From potentates and chains she nobly flies,
 Freedom divine, terrestrial pow'r defies!
 And yet in some ill-govern'd distant climes,
 The speech of subjects hath been deem'd as crimes;
 If they presume to breathe an accent free,
 Speaking their mind on what they'd wish to see;
 Though wisdom and fair truth their precepts grace,
 The Inquisition hath destroy'd their race;
 Or thrown them in a dungeon's horrid gloom,
 And e'en there scarcely allowed them room.
 Too much of power vested in one man,
 Hath oft giv'n birth to barb'rous scope of plan;
 All ages sure produce some direful scenes,
 Which tyrants cause, on earth the foulest fiends:
 By satan govern'd, as their conduct prove,
 For all they seek to torture, none they love;
 Save those, that to their caprice constant bring,
 What they stile joy, tho' fraught with poison's sting;
 And those they slight, nay, punish for the crime,
 Of having serv'd them after certain time,
 The first that feel displeasure, are their tools,
 Who, to amuse them, broke down honour's rules.
 What dangers threaten, when the reins of pow'r,
 Are trusted to wretches that would devour
 The friends of Freedom, lest they penetrate
 Their dark designs, and give the knaves their fate.

No land is safe, exposed to base control,
 Ambition merciless, inthrals the whole;
 Dreading bright Freedom's eye, fair truth her sway,
 They chain her down, thick veils too on her lay;
 Sophistic art may plead, and fools subdue,
 But will this gain one voice to nature true?
 Will guilt support them on their hated seat?
 Freedom's fair choice, base maxims must defeat;
 Falshood, though propt with skill, to her must yield,
 Freedom's all-conqu'ring arms the world must wield.
 Where then can tyrants fly, where refuge find?
 Hated by all the bane of human kind;
 No happiness can taste, on this side earth,
 If with their lives permitted to draw breath;
 Hopes they have none, e'en in a future state,
 Their crimes enormous, prove too clear their fate.
 In ev'ry station, scene, and rank in life,
 Except in battle, when with foes at strife,
 The gentle word, without the harsh command,
 Will make all nature speed the willing hand;
 E'en the poorest order of creation,
 If they have freedom in a servile station,
 Taught by their master's kindness what is right,
 Not rigidly suborn'd, will they not fight?
 Like heroes in his cause, their master's fame,
 Dear as their lives, they prize: this grateful flame
 Hath wonders work'd, cemented friendship's tie,
 And purest love hath beam'd in friendship's eye.
 Where darling freedom hath been held in chains,
 Mark now, what famine and distraction reigns!

Nations

Nations against themselves, all frantic fight,
 Raging with bloodshed! horrid, dreadful fight!
 Pale fear, sick, skulking in her loath'd retreat,
 And wild despair, in arms in ev'ry street;
 Till foul contagion o'er their kingdoms spread,
 Where anarchy and desolation led:
 Kings, Queens, and Princes, feel the dire effect,
 And scarce their royal persons can protect;
 While lords and commons have in numbers fell,
 But who the nation's anguish deep can tell?
 This dread event reveals the fatal cause;
 For had their kingdom own'd bright Freedom's laws,
 Had Liberty been pris'd, her bounteous hand
 Had spread her endless blessings o'er the land;
 But long emerg'd in cold abhorred cells,
 And now drag'd out to fights that nature chills,
 All languid faint, she there scarce rears her head;
 Hark! Patriots shout, striving her flame to spread.
 With us she reigns triumphant on the throne,
 Blest GEORGE our sov'reign, makes her voice his own;
 On Britain's crown her blaze of glories shine,
 Thence all his subjects such great blessings find;
 Where piety and love sweet union keep,
 And all the comforts of his goodness reap.
 Long may our King ador'd, protect her sway,
 Whose righteous life adds lustre to the ray:
 Celestial sent, where true devotion reigns,
 With attributes that his blest soul proclaims:
 Here too, she lives protected and ador'd,
 Her sacred flame inspires each bosom's lord;

Of

Of fam'd Hibernia's sons where valour shines,
 And honor's suit with courage true combines;
 Propitious nation, patriots most wise,
 The muse with tenfold rapture yields the prize;
 The palm of glory to your well-won fame,
 For you above the world, have rais'd a name:
 Blest too with choicest gifts from nature's hand,
 Where Ceres and Hygea have command;
 While other nations war and want endure,
 Nor laws or systems, yet reliefs procure;
 Here at gay ease you live in social joy,
 Your commerce spread, and people well employ;
 In arts and science all improvements make,
 Learning and talents you can ne'er forsake;
 Greatness inherent in yourselves you find,
 And must protect from sympathy of mind,
 Your native bards,—the number who can tell,
 Whose wit and genius all the world's excel.
 Dear names rever'd, for here great SWIFT was born,
 STERNE, GOLDSMITH, PARNELL, first beheld their
 morn;
 And your own SHERIDAN, whose pow'rs and muse,
 The senate and the world at once subdues;
 Their sun of glory rose in this blest isle,
 Where venom cannot cloud, much less defile!
 The saints and angels have in you their care,
 Not only blessing you above compare,
 But ill preventing, as full well 'tis known,
 No creature poisonous, this clime will own:
 For if, on shore the reptile's brought alive,
 Within this sphere it cannot long survive!

Oh!

Oh! people happy as in Canaan's land!
 Not only milk and honey at command—
 Corn, wine, and oil, but gifts from highest heav'n,
 For unanimity to you is giv'n.
 True to your cause, link'd firm by honor's tie,
 None dare approach with falshood's cunning eye;
 Conscious of right, that right you will support,
 Nor tools be made for gain at any court.
 Bold, open, free, courageous, when resolv'd,
 Hibernia's sons are not with fear involv'd.
 Parent of sloth, of cowardice the bride,
 Whose timid offspring feel not virtue's pride:
 That pride, which stimulates the noble mind,
 In actions glorious, pure delight they find;
 When for their country's, or domestic good,
 Whole hosts of foes their valour hath subdu'd.
 Time, place, or clime, no bars to them can raise,
 Causes but just, admit of no delays;
 Theirs souls in arms, dare brave the proudest foe,
 Regardless of the toil they undergo;
 Rushing with eager speed to crush the ill,
 The hope of conquest buoying up the will;
 A tenfold strength rekindles as it flies,
 Till all victorious, they secure the prize.
 Great is your fame, your merit greater far,
 With minds collected, fit for peace or war;
 To honor's voice so true, so firm allied,
 No pow'r on earth can draw you from her side;
 And providence divine, well pleas'd to see,
 You keep the law, and vice abhorrent, flee;

Delights

Delights to bless you with the sweets of life,
 And keeps you from intestine broils and strife.
 While Mars hath made the men his special care,
 And bright Minerva wisdom planted there;
 Venus the Ladies blessed with such sweet faces,
 With her subduing charms and nameless graces,
 That if an artist could pourtray perfection,
 Their mirror chaste, would yield him this reflection:
 The matchless partner of great LEINSTER's choice,
 With all their blooming offspring hath the voice
 Of heav'n's celestial choir; such their fair fame,
 Incense benign, to them effulgent flame.
 FITZ-GIBBON is the queen of ev'ry grace,
 Whose sweet beneficence to sorrow's race
 In condescending real goodness shines,
 Within her breast all excellence combines.
 My muse, meek fainting, as a stranger here,
 Her patronage benign, bid instant cheer:
 Some other ladies hesitation made,
 While the fine tints of fancy's paint might fade;
 The flame poetic, die without a hope,
 That ladies of renown would give it scope:
 Her ladyship at once this sanction gave,
 And through my lays my grateful praise shall have.
 With gentle PITT, ST. GEORGE, the tender wife,
 Compassionate LA TOUCHE, these honor life;
 With lovely ELY, * whose distinguish'd taste,
 And brilliant genius well her sphere hath grac'd;

* Lady Ely hath built a Theatre in her own House,
 where Persons of the first Rank perform.

C

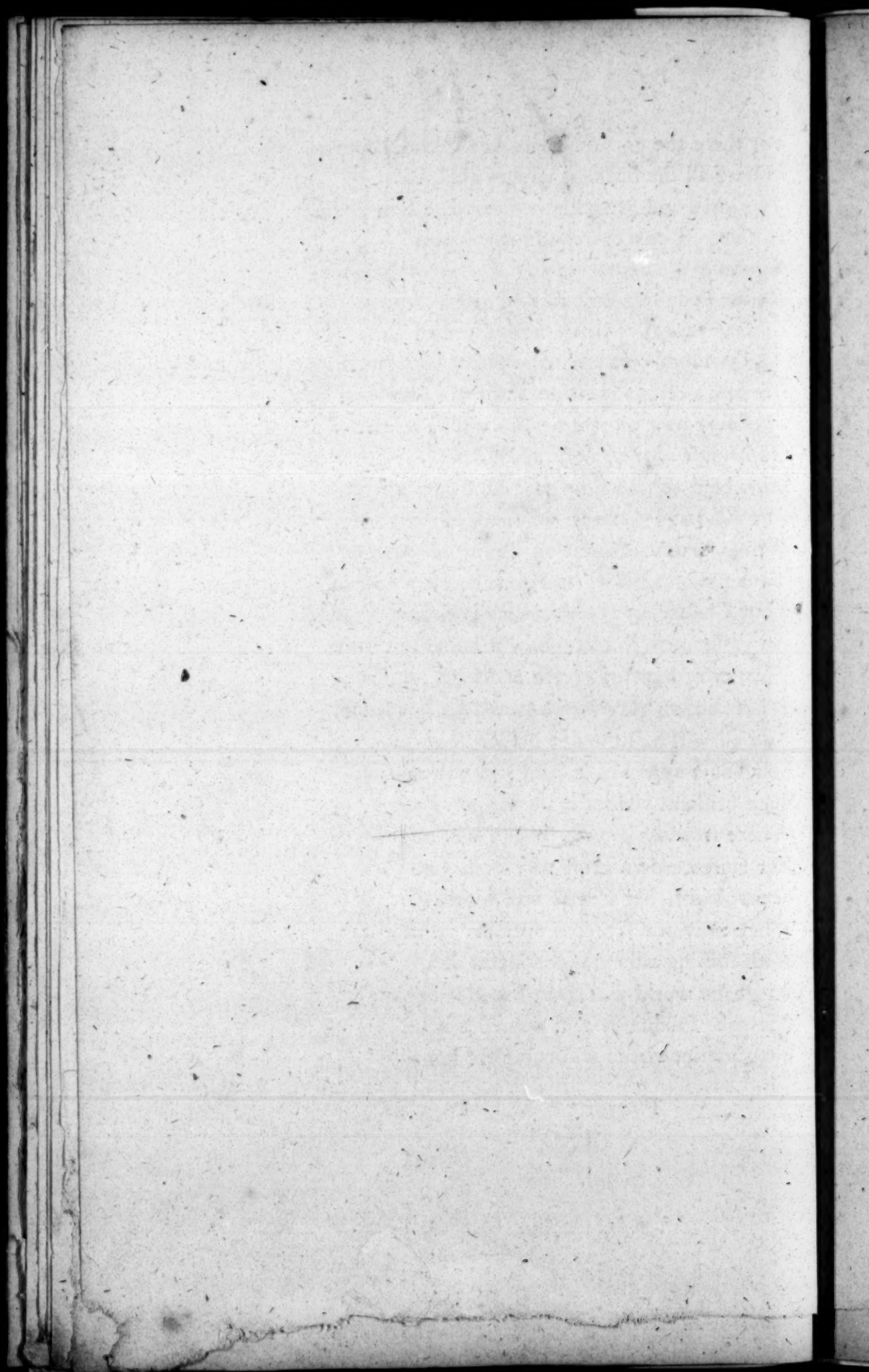
Melpomene

Melpomene and Thalia's best bestow'd,
 Whose exquisite of taste hath all improv'd;
 In her the author's majesty is seen,
 She ne'er describes, but acts the real queen;
 If mirth, or woe, her choice select appears,
 Her soul of pow'rs, deepest sadness cheers;
 Or from the heart, the sympathizing sigh,
 At will commands, deluging ev'ry eye;
 Such fine of traits in her, amus'ment glow,
 Announcing the blest source from whence they flow;
 Her ladyship is wit and learning's friend,
 A muse, where excellence of beauties blend;
 Amid the splendor of her daily state,
 She ne'er forgets the poor without her gate;
 With personal attention seeks their wants,
 To send them comfort, all her soul enchants.
 Your valiant Duke, dear Freedom's noble friend,
 Whose patriotic zeal, no toil can end;
 Your country's patron, saviour of her laws!
 Oh! that my muse could speak his just applause.
 When the alarm approach'd this loyal state,
 His noble breast, all anxious for her fate,
 Unmindful of his interest, life, or health,
 Exposing all, to guard the commonwealth,
 Stood forth the champion in sweet freedom's right,
 And propt her falling sceptre with his might.
 Long may he live, with his illust'rous race!
 Whose whole deportment well your senate grace;
 His hospitable house is wisdom's school,
 Where liberty is law, by honor's rule;

For

For there the goddess keeps her splendid court,
 Where all the brilliant virtues glad resort;
 The loves and graces have their dwelling there,
 In sweetest concord constantly appear;
 Charm'd by the native ease of freedom's scope,
 Refine delights, beyond e'en magic's hope;
 In dear variety their influence spread,
 And wisdom's queen, triumphant hath the lead.
 Methinks bright Freedom shine arounds your state,
 Shedding new glories while we thus relate.
 Oh! high ador'd, inestimable name,
 How blest to find here guardians of such fame!
 FITZ-GIBBON, noble wisdom's darling king,
 Whose virtuous fame e'en lisping infants sing;
 Your nation's pillar, and your country's pride,
 Your Chancellor rever'd, your laws bright guide.
 And your new Viceroy now is come to crown,
 Your ev'ry hope of worth and high renown;
 Whose bosom glows with sacred patriot flame,
 And all will hail the day his lordship came!
 Fair Fame approves it, and you will rejoice,
 Such brilliant virtues must win ev'ry voice;
 Where freedom glows, felicity will reign,
 Her sacred crown prosperity must gain;
 Benevolence, her sceptre will adorn,
 When universal freedom opes her morn!
 With smiling affluence the joyful day,
 To all the world will blaze her glory's ray;
 The yoke subduing, that oppresses man,
 Then patriot virtue will complete her plan!

F I N I S.



B E N E F I C E N C E :

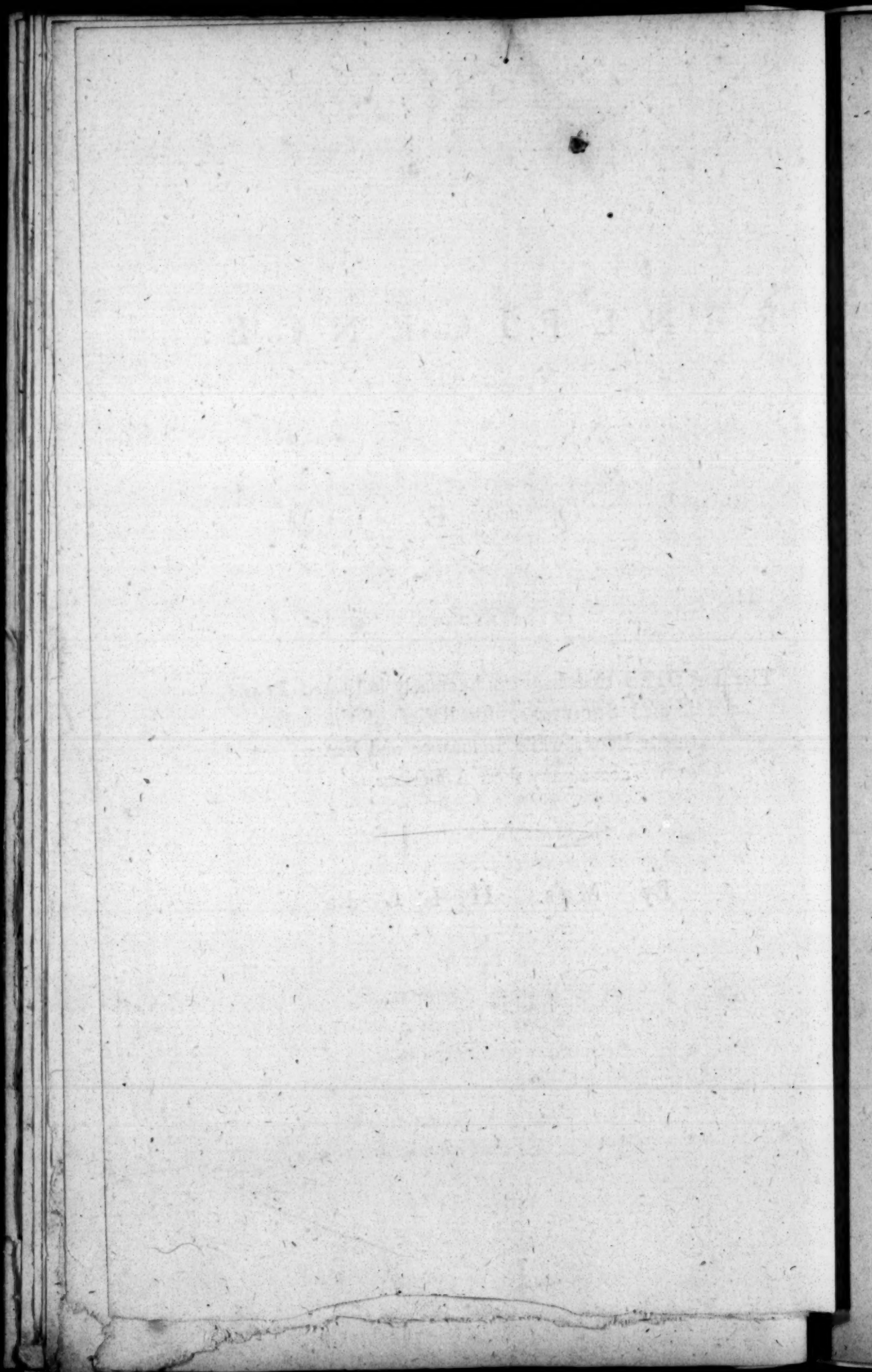
A

P O E M.

INSCRIBED TO

The LADIES that have so humanely instituted PLANS,
and formed SOCIETIES, for Relief of the unfor-
tunate Poor; while Innocence and Virtue
accompany their Afflictions.

By MRS. H I L L.



B E N E F I C E N C E.

CELESTIAL choir! long since with glory crown'd,
Reporting angels, that through heav'n resound
The gracious deeds of kindred spirits here,
Such that the soul of sorrow seek to cheer.
Observance keep on those distinguish'd fair,
Illustrious patronesses, whose sweet care,
Like heav'n in mercy, save the helpless poor;
And chase affliction from the widow's door.
Come, Inspiration! give me hallow'd fire;
Concording cherubs tune my willing lyre;
That their just praise, with rapture I may sing,
Whose charity repels the deadly sting;
For none their tales of sorrow can relate,
But your compassion mars their dreaded fate;
Such your Beneficence, united kind,
That all relief from you are sure to find;
Such noble succour from your systems flow,
In sweet effusion, to suppress their woe;
Proving your hearts replete with ev'ry grace,
Where heav'n's lov'd attributes have chose their place.
Blest Charity! which charms your bosom's queen,
While bright benevolence cheers grief's sad scene;
Affecting

Affecting sight ! a mother with her child,
 Naked and faint, others with hunger wild ;
 Till by your bounty rais'd from deep despair,
 And ev'ry comfort from your goodness share ;
 To know a fellow-creature in distress,
 Having the heart and means to give redress ;
 To see dejection raise her fainting head,
 While infant hope her new-born graces spread ;
 The tints returning of the op'ning rose,
 Striving the lilies sickly hue to close ;
 Alternate shades soft glowing o'er the face,
 As sweet benevolence bestows her grace ;
 The sympathizing, kind, consoling mind,
 Thus condescending, more exaltments find.
 Oh ! who can speak the bliss compassion feels,
 While gen'rous pity her succour yields ;
 When the unhappy are from ills redress'd,
 The giver's joy, that they the means possess'd :
 This pure delight in charity's just cause,
 Expands the bosom of the soul's applause :
 When late a female, who, by chance, was seen
 In Newgate, where pow'r usurp'd too keen ;
 Had sent a friendless maid, without a crime,
 Because his daughter had elop'd, long time ;
 The poor forlorn, unhappy, was confin'd,
 On vague surmise, that she the plot design'd ;
 Without a shadow to support the thought,
 A simple country girl, in vice untaught ;
 Sent to a gaol, she could not tell for why,
 This was the poor afflicted's constant cry.

Her

Her parents dead, no friend she could implore,
 Her heart near broke, when through the prison door,
 Or grate where she had press'd, to breathe fresh air,
 She was observ'd by those whose goodness rare
 Struck with compassion, at her helpless fate,
 Stopt in their carriage, at the prison gate ;
 Made strict enquiry, why she was confin'd ?
 Being inform'd, with charity so kind,
 Instant applied to set the captive free ;
 Who, overjoy'd, from prison's walls to flee,
 With show'rs of tears, her grateful offering paid :
 Their tender care, for still she was afraid,
 Plac'd her with those whom virtue seem'd to guide,
 Till place of service good, they could provide.
 The muse says, seems great cause she had to doubt,
 The lazy wife, a crocodile found out ;
 Beyond description, did this trait'refs prove,
 Yet the whole time, pretended friendship's love.
 But this could not affect the girl so poor,
 For safety she was plac'd within their door.
 An innocent, was thus preserv'd from sin,
 For she had long remain'd where vices bring
 Their scene familiar ; which, at first sight, shock
 The constant view, her weak defence might mock.
 Your well-tim'd pity, heals affliction's smart,
 And ev'ry muse, high charm'd would * praise impart ;
 If that were possible, but 'tis in vain,
 To paint the noble feeling heart, what strain

* Mrs. PETER LA TOUCHE.

D .

Or

Or language can present the soul,
 Extending succour e'en from pole to pole,
 On those whom dread oppression follows hard,
 And cruel fate, their brightest hopes have marr'd.
 It is your sex's glory, ills to chase,
 Where tender pity beams, 'tis beauty's grace,
 The inexpressible, benignly sweet,
 Felt but by souls, where virtues brilliant meet,
 Where the soft impulse of compassion guides,
 And worth innate, the gracious actions hide;
 'Tis joy enough to know they have reliev'd,
 Where hard oppression merciless hath griev'd.
 Of those, alas! too many can be found,
 Whose early prospect shed a glory round;
 Born to estates, to noble friends ally'd,
 Where'er they look'd, joy op'd on ev'ry side.
 The young Lorenzo all those boons possess'd,
 His fortune large, was honor'd and caress'd;
 His levees crowded, all was splendour there,
 No hour brought sadness, or a thought of care;
 His temper mild, as gentle streams that glide,
 Soft slowly on, when no rude winds divide;
 The smooth fair surface of their flowing charms,
 Not e'en a breath, their progress sweet alarms;
 So affably, courteous, noble, free,
 That all his gen'rous heart too plain could see;
 His house was open, cunning work'd her way,
 Till the all-trusting youth they led astray;
 They sought his ruin, to obtain his wealth.
 Robb'd of his fortune, peace of mind, and health,

Lorenzo

Lorenzo died, in want and great distress,
 For there was no kind hand to give redress.
 Bellaro gay, through fashion rapid run,
 For ere his sun of reason had begun ;
 He lost his all at play, despair ensued,
 And suicide, his sinking pow'rs subdu'd.
 Unthinking, giddy men, O could you feel,
 The joy refine, with rapture you would kneel ;
 Could you but know the charms of proper life,
 How to obtain the sweet, without the strife ;
 What different pleas your wisdom would project,
 None then their real good would so neglect ;
 To catch gay feathers, wav'd by butterflies,
 And let the golden fleece escape their eyes ;
 Would youths in affluence, take time and think,
 That at their conduct, heav'n doth not wink ;
 But keeps strict watch on ev'ry thing they do,
 Passion would pause, nature her course pursue,
 Her kind maternal voice would all improve,
 For her bright systems teach compassion's love ;
 All sure would wish each other to assist,
 None then would see their names in riot's list ;
 If they consulted their internal peace,
 To seek their mutual good they would not cease.
 But oh ! how few like sweet Melinda kind,
 She pure in soul, in virtue so refin'd ;
 Seems not to live to please herself alone,
 For all that want her aid, her bounty own ;
 If a poor neighbour feels the least distress,
 Her ready hand, that instant sends redress ;

The

The meek and friendly artist scarcely seen,
 The aged feeble, as if to her of kin,
 Comforts receive from her most lib'ral heart,
 Shielded from vice, and poverty's keen dart;
 Blessing her name, their pray'rs to heav'n ascend
 For good Melinda, their unceasing friend;
 No vanity cements her feeling breast,
 Her generosity stands ev'ry test,
 Nor dare e'en calumny presume to say,
 Her liberality, in pride hath sway;
 The pleasure to do good, is bliss supreme,
 She ne'er regards detraction, envy's theme.
 When news was brought her, that a female poor,
 By dread misfortune, to despair gave o'er,
 Had made resolves, her wretched life to end!
 Good heav'n! she cried, shall I not succour send?
 Can I at ease, sleep quiet in my bed,
 While a poor object, by oppression led,
 Threatens destruction! on her wretched self,
 Whom I can save? for this, God sent me wealth.
 Here wisdom spoke! and worthy of a king,
 Whom God hath blest'd, sure blessings ought to bring;
 Where misery appears, from virtue's cause,
 To give relief, must win high heaven's applause.
 Happy Melinda! you this bliss enjoy,
 Your time and wealth, in goodness you employ;
 While angels guard you in this lower sphere,
 Your bright reward, in heav'n they prepare.
 This was the sacred diction of that Prince,
 Whose spotless life, and miracles evince

The

The inquiring world, his mission was from heav'n,
 If, with his life, dear proof he had not giv'n,
 That helpless children should not be forgot :
 Bring them to me, said Christ, forbid them not.
 Here is a field for charity to shine,
 This sweet injunction he did not confine
 Solely to infants ; but the poor and weak,
 Whose helpless state, like babes for succour speak.
 To such that feel not charity's delight,
 If such there are, St. Paul will set them right.
 When he exhorts the brethren to attend,
 To the Corinthians, this advice doth send.
 Though with the tongue of angels I relate,
 Or could reveal, profound mysterious fate,
 And though I have all faith, and could remove
 Prodigious mountains, and all knowledge prove,
 If Charity I lack ! those gifts are nought ;
 For she is kindness, to perfection wrought ;
 Supporteth all things, for religion's sake,
 And firm will shine, when worlds tremendous shake !
 The sacred records, solemnly declare,
 That those who make the poor their constant care,
 God will reward, and tenfold blessings bring,
 Nay, even pardon their enormous sin :
 Expressly says, that charity will hide,
 A multitude of sins, if on her side
 The aggressor turn. Who giveth to the poor,
 Lendeth to the Lord, that will do more
 For them, than grant an—earthly fleeting joy,
 A boon of grace, that time cannot destroy.

Ladies,

Ladies, that have not yet your names subscrib'd,
 Nor charity's soft precepts sweet imbib'd,
 Come gentle, kind, send for the list of poor
 This charity hath sav'd, and there explore
 The objects late with misery oppress'd,
 Made useful, glad, of poverty redress'd ;
 And then refuse donations, if you can,
 In great support of this admir'd plan.
 You noble patronesses, practice well,
 Your humane conduct over all excel ;
 Your soft compassion so effulgent shine,
 Where goodness and fair virtue mild combine :
 The Almighty pleas'd, beholds your gracious deeds,
 Sweet incense to his throne, such bounty speeds ;
 Whose odours grateful, gain the immortal place,
 Till your blest spirits quit this earthly space ;
 Then, to receive them on the cherub's wing,
 Waft their rich fragrance of eternal spring,
 Through the bright regions as you joyful come,
 To guide you safe to your celestial home.
 Oh ! best beloved of fair nature's choice,
 Whose kind benevolence, the world rejoice !
 Examples yielding, for your sex's fame,
 And fain the Muse would spread her grateful flame ;
 But finds her fort unequal to her will,
 Therefore, till some blest genii guide her quill,
 Begs to keep silence, lest her zeal offend
 Those charming virtues, which she would commend.

Yet happy independence once possess'd,
 Belov'd and honor'd, with her husband blest'd.
 But heav'n soon claim'd him, and revers'd her fate,
 Since dread oppression seeks her peace to grate.
 In various forms the monster still appears,
 Invades her quiet, fills her breast with fears:
 Her widow'd sphere, defenceless and alone,
 To th' ill-judging, curious eye, but known.
 Exposés her at once to ev'ry dart,
 That passions base, can frame, to tense the heart.
 If to their wishes, or their purpos'd plan,
 Th' unguarded female they cannot trepan.
 Their disappointment proves a deadly sting,
 And minds debas'd, on her their mischiefs fling.
 Since her arrival here, such she hath found,
 And those for wit and wealth, in fame renown'd.
 Should any doubt, 'tis Esquire *****,
 And *****'s Lord, those twain can proof supply.
 But from respect, for some to them allied,
 Her pen, their names and follies still will hide.
 They may reform! dread self defence display'd,
 For truth is strong, nor by her foes dismay'd;
 With the lov'd muse, those ills away she charms,
 Happy in solitude, seeks wisdom's arms;
 Waits here the will of gracious heav'n's pow'r,
 With DAVID's Diadem * delight each hour.

* *Writing her Sacred Poem.*

Mrs. HILL, residing in *Dublin*, for the Purpose of being honoured with the Patronage of the Nobility and Gentry of this Kingdom, desires most respectfully to inform the royal, noble, liberal Patrons and Patronesses of her Muse; that Subscriptions for her Poem, "**SACRED TO FREEDOM**," and her Poem, entitled "**BENEFICENCE**," both published this Day; and for her **SACRED POEMS** soon to be published; of which King DAVID is the Hero: are received at Mr. BYRNE's, Printer, *Parliament-street, Dublin*; and at Mr. SOUTHERN's, Bookseller, *St. James's-street, London*; where her Works are to be had.

As the endless Trouble and Expence of addressing each Individual, is a Toil too weighty for the light Wing of Poetic Fancy longer to support: Mrs. HILL, most respectfully solicits those of the Nobility and Gentry, who think her faint, unaided, female Muse, worthy Patronage, to send there for her Productions, with their Subscription Compliments; which is left to the Pleasure of each Subscriber; it will be safely conveyed to her, and gratefully acknowledged in her next Publication.

N. B. Her Works will be numbered, and signed with her own Hand and Seal.

10 JU 68

WHERE brilliant fortune beams the splendid ray,
Where peace and plenty, joyful make each day;
Without one thought of care, labour, or pain,
Their fountains flow, wafting the golden grain.
Think of the muse! that nothing hath to boast,
Not e'en the smallest freight from any coast! |

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